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# To The City of Flames



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## Chapter 1 by Lance Felix

Day 1. Arrived at station. Nobody here.

## Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



Day 2. Arrived at station again as agreed. Nobody here apart from two station attendants & an old woman gazing out through a cafe window at the pigeons feeding of the platform scraps. Will come back tomorrow.

## Chapter 3 by Luke Meyers



Day 3. Arrived at station two minutes and twenty seconds early. More pigeons than yesterday. I begin to wonder if my contact will even make it into the city. Perhaps she is already in custody. Perhaps it's only a matter of time before they find my trail. It doesn't matter. I stick to the protocol. It's all I can pin my hopes on.

## Chapter 4 by Lance Felix



Day 4. Same as yesterday. No results. Although there do seem to be a lot more pigeons than before.

## Chapter 5 by Mia



Day 5. The train broke about a little more then halfway there. Pigeons flying around. LOTS of

them. If I would leave the train and walk to the station I would be about two hours late. There's a movement in the woods, something. Can it be?

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Chapter 6 by Tish

Day 5 update

Found my contact in the woods. She was facedown, and it was a grisly end. Apparently they hadn't bothered verifying anything; her papers were still intact, and I dug the capsule from her arm, in the same place mine had been inserted. I smashed it with a rock. That would alert someone.

The pigeons were flocking all around me, and during the two-hour walk to the station, I couldn't tell whether they were following me or whether I was walking through a huge cloud of pigeons.

Finally made it to the station, and still no one was there. Tomorrow, maybe, my new contact would arrive. Before they found me.

### Chapter 7 by Luke Meyers



Day 107:

Haven't been able to update in some time. Too dangerous. I was right about the capsule, and their response; they found my refuge within hours, and I've had to improvise.

The station is now inaccessible; the hordes of pigeons are truly overwhelming.

Tomorrow I will attempt to go over the wall. I have one shot to fix this. If I fail, I guess that makes this my final entry. If anyone finds this, please tell Enola I love her.

### Chapter 8 by intellikat



Day 133. As it turns out, my last entry was not the final one. But this one is. At least for now.

I am far beyond the city walls now. With what's left in my stolen rucksack, I'm fairly certain I can reach "the City of Flames" as the Outerlings call it. Enola once told me she had a cousin, a fighter, who resides there with her partner. They met during the Car Wars years ago and Enola said he had contacts who might be able to put me back in touch with the Outer Resistance. And with Enola once again.

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I escaped over the city wall last month after my previous entry; I carried with me a silenced rifle and three cartridges-- worth more than their weight in gold. I knew where the facility was situated and made my approach at nightfall when the guards were changing their post.

The Commandant was smoking outside the detention trailers, and I killed him with a single shot. Inside the second trailer I found Greeson. He was barely alive. He recognized my face and knew what I was there to do. He didn't plead, he didn't struggle. He told me he had told them nothing yet and I believed him. He faced the wall and I fired my second bullet into his head. I trust that our secrets went to the grave with him. I collected what I could from the facility under the cover of darkness and a lull in the enemy's awareness.

I sit now on a rock facing eastward. The sun is rising on a new day and perhaps a new future. I know that when I reach the City of Flames it will take all I have to gain entrance and survive one of the last and most dangerous refuges of freemen.

The story for humanity does not end here; I am certain of that. May the gods bring me luck.

My story will continue in "? Part Two: The City of Flames".

the end

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